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THE STORM AND THE TUNNELS.

In the Central's tunnel, where the old go-as-you-please methods still prevail, there were lively times yesterday. Smoke and steam were at their worst, because of the heavy atmosphere, and, in the words of one report, "the tunnel was full of shouting men, of train hands waving red lanterns, of brakemen ploughing back through the snow to warn any green engineer who might possibly run by the home signal." Safety was gained at the expense of speed, the trains proceeding fitfully, at the rate of one mile an hour. How precarious this safety was the collision of the Croton and Harlem locals in the afternoon proved.

In the Erie tunnel, which is operated on the single-track plan, trains were forced to wait on the meadows for right of way. What delay there was due to the frozen switches in the yards between the tunnel and the terminal. In the tunnel itself the rate of progress was not greatly retarded and the safety was absolute, even with a Wiskar at the throttle.

Still Open for Discussion.—The President's decision settles the Schley-Sampson controversy, subject to the possibility that it may refuse to stay with it.

THE LESSONS OF HISTORY.

The story of the faction fights springing up in so many of the Tammany districts so soon after the retirement of the real leader recalls one of the familiar lessons of history. The empire which the great Alexander had built up by his conquests crumbled to fragments as soon as he lost the guidance of his mighty hand, and from the rock of St. Helena Napoleon sadly contemplated the dismemberment of his imperial fabric. It is impossible that these instances should not suggest themselves to the mind of the Squire of Wantage as he turns from his pastoral cares to read of the unhappy dissensions which prevail in his once harmonious family. What will he do about it? Should there be no peace when Nixon cries "Peace"? Will Croker return like another Napoleon from Elba or another Cincinnatus from his plough?

A Full Programme.—The only thing omitted from the programme of entertainment of Prince Henry is the opportunity of resting between entertainments. Fortunately he is young and healthy, and will probably return home none the worse for having had the time of his life in his experience of American hospitality.

A MARVELLOUS INVENTION.

As Congress is still hesitating about the propriety of giving New York and other large cities a pneumatic-tube system as a part of the local postal service, we hasten to dispel their apprehensions and to assure them that the proposed improvement is perfectly practicable, harmless and inexpensive. It has been in successful operation for years in Paris and Berlin and in other leading cities, and it has been so successful and economical that the authorities where it has been tried would no more think of abandoning it than they would think of abandoning steam or electricity for hand power.

If some one could get this information into the heads of the hesitating Congressmen the discovery that air-power may be used for forwarding mail matter through pneumatic tubes would not seem so strange or wonderful, but Congress is evidently not as yet possessed of this information.

One Unrepented War Tax.—The House of Washington has voted to repeal all other war taxes, but the tax of maintaining our coast. Philistine possessions remain and promises to stay with us for another generation or two.

THE B. R. T. AGAIN.

Yesterday's storm tested the working of the third-rail system for the first time in Greater New York, and it seemed to work one way in Manhattan and another way in Brooklyn.

On the well-constructed installment of the Manhattan "L" the trains ran regularly and without interruption. In Brooklyn the cheap and flimsy equipment of the B. R. T. proved wholly inadequate and the discarded steam engines were put to use with the customary delay on the part of the management and the corresponding profanity on the part of the long-suffering but helpless public.

This incident, occurring within a week of the announcement of the proposed \$150,000,000 bond issue, illustrates the difference between a road built to carry passengers and a road built to carry "water."

Small-Pox and Cleanliness.—A correspondent of the morning's World asks why public vaccinators do not impress on their patients the importance of soap and water and ventilation as good preventives of small-pox. Physical cleanliness is undoubtedly the worst foe this scourge has. It is primarily a dirt disease and its increased ravages in winter are partly due to the lack of fresh air in sleeping and living rooms.

A SURFEIT OF CRIME.

With the Voepel and the Brooks murders still unsolved, the police are now called on to discover, if possible, the murderer or murderers of James McAuliffe, the principal witness in securing the conviction of Edward Glendon.

The interest of the authorities in this last case should be more than usually zealous, since his widow and relatives assert that he was murdered in revenge, and that his death was the penalty of his having been an efficient witness in the cause of justice.

The record of unpunished murders in this city does not warrant any strong hope of success in this case, but no effort should be spared to remove, if possible, the reproach that it is unsafe to testify against police abuses.

A Travesty of Justice.—The infliction of a fine of \$1 as the penalty for reckless automobile driving through the streets of New York is perhaps the best method that could be suggested of encouraging such recklessness, and of turning into ridicule any serious attempt to protect the public against this new danger. To the average automobile owner a payment of \$1 represents a smaller outlay than a payment of a carfare does to the average automobile victim, and it can be clearly understood that arrest and conviction entails no more serious penalty, we may expect a rapid increase in the practice of speeding and in the number of casualties.

JOKES OF OUR OWN

THEIR SAD PLEASURE.

It were my intention to make the snowstorm and it was utterly ruined. How queer! What do you suppose the poor little imitation seals do when it snows?

GOOD TRAINING.

When Von Hartmann was in Egypt he was the only tourist there who could jump to the top of the Great Pyramid without getting tired.

"Small wonder!" He had used for twenty years on the fifth floor of a New York flat-house where there's no elevator.

A LATIN TERM.

"How completely people lose all their dignity floundering about in snow like that!"

"Yes indeed! Even the snow-shovelers are suffering."

A HEARTLESS REPLY.

"I was Prince Henry in Germany. You know I visited all the European courts."

"And paid fines in most of them, I hear."

UP TO DATE.

"What a tremendous way to congratulate a bride!"

"Well, in these days of chain-lightning divorces and remarriages, how would many happy returns of the day do?"

NO ROOM.

"I don't see any room New Yorkers don't use in a body and push against the door, and so crowded there isn't even room for the door."

SPORTING TERM.

"If you're not a good enough horse rider to catch enough to take a good plug show."

"Then why do you enter him in the world for the show class?"

A Common Affliction.

"My husband has worried me weeks in New York and is sick of life all ready."

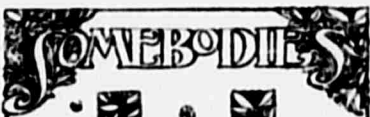
"What's his trouble?"

"A cold, trifling cold, as it were."

WHERE HER INTEREST CEASES.

"So your wife has a great fondness for fiction?"

"Er—yes, all the kind I tell her to. Philadelphia Bulletin."



CLARK SENATOR—Is going to put his best workmen in his copper mines.

INDIANER SENATOR—presented the other day a petition which required cautious handling on the part of Senatorial employees, inasmuch as it was signed by 372 lepers.

GROSS S. E.—The Chicago millionaire, who said "Crane de Bergerac" was a plagiarism of the Merchant Prince of Cornhill, is about to stage the latter play.

RASKIEWICZ, REV. FATHER—of Indiana, is the first priest west of New York State to receive the title of Monsignor.

SHAW, SECRETARY of the Treasury, is said to keep longer office hours than any other man in similar position in Washington.

SULLIVAN, REV. H. A.—has the largest congregation in New England, his parishioners numbering between 3,000 and 5,000.

PHILIP DR. MAX—has returned from Peru, where he explored ruins of cities never before seen by white men.

WILLARD HENRY—left \$50,000 to establish a chair of Germanic languages at Columbia.

WHEELER, GEN. JOSEPH—recently sold a boy's military company that if people were good there would be no need for war.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN, THEIR DOINGS AND THEIR SAYINGS.

Mrs. McKinley will shortly receive a copy, sumptuously engraved and bound, of the resolutions of Congress on the death of her late husband.

Fifty-seven women are members of France's Legion of Honor.

Adrienne Van der Werken and her husband, of Holland, have just celebrated the seventieth anniversary of their wedding.

Mlle. Mars, the famous French actress, played ingenue roles when she was over fifty.

Queen Margherita, of Italy, whose proposed visit to this country has caused some excitement, is tall, well formed and a decided blonde. She looks more like a German than an Italian.

Women in some parts of England are accomplished rowers, and one held a sculling championship to the age of sixty.

MAMMY'S ART.

Recently a gentleman was making some purchases in a small grocery in West Baltimore when there entered a store one of those characters belonging to the days gone by, namely, an old negro "mammy."

Hanging conspicuously on the wall of the store was a large lithograph depicting an aridly clad youngster in a field of waving grain. The picture immediately caught the eye of the newcomer.

"Who's dat?" she asked the clerk.

"Why, that is George Washington," replied the clerk, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Huh!" grunted auntie, dubiously. "Hit take no lak Moses in de ambush!"—Baltimore News.

The Funny Side of Life.

GIVE PRINCE HENRY A GOOD TIME, UNCLE, BUT

BORROWED JOKES.



DON'T KILL THE "FATTED CALF."

NOT TO BE ENVIED.



"In marriage a woman gets everything."

"Yes, she even gets the worst of it."

MILEAGE.



James—Yes, he is a bright young man, deacon, and will go far in his profession."

"Deacon Bright—Well, he ought to be a traveling salesman."

CONVERSATION.



Miss Longtime—I see that popular taste is returning to old-fashioned humphry. That will suit your first rate, won't it?

IMMUNE.



Nevvy—I suppose you had a tough time keeping the wolf from the door that winter?"

Uncle Wes—Oh, I don't know! I don't think we had anything much to tempt him inside."

IN THE WRONG DINING-ROOM.



Perry Hardup (in a Bowery restaurant)—I say, waiter, won't you kindly bring me a napkin?"

The Waiter—Aw, wake up! Where'd yer 'ink y' are—at the Waldorf-Astoria?"

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE ON MANY TOPICS.

People's Choral Union.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
What would it be if everybody really owned an equal amount of brain power and money? Then, who would be master and who would fetch and carry? Hardly would a city be inhabited with out the poor. There is only one real failure in this life, and that is not to be true to the best we know. Avoiding the pleasure of doing right, according to Mr. Carnegie, would heal the world.
WILLIAM J. DUNN.

A Socialistic View.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
My mother died several weeks ago and I am weeping mourning for her. I also expected my wife would do the same, but she claims that it is not right for her to do it, and continues to wear colored dresses. Should she wear black if I do?
JOSEPH DOWLING.

Ferry Seat-Grabbers.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have seen many letters from the people in regard to troubles on the "L" and surface cars. I would like to add mine about the ferry-boats. The men seem to monopolize the whole boat. They come into the ladies' cabin and take two-thirds of all the seats, while the ladies must stand up. We girls don't object, but when we see elderly ladies and mothers with babies in their arms standing near several men who are sitting, it makes our blood boil. If we want to stand outside on our side of the boat there is always a crowd of men smoking. What can we do?
INDIGNANT.

Hard to Get Home.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Can nothing be done for suffering humanity? We wait for the cars at the bridge every night, fighting with the crowds to get a seat. Half the time we don't succeed, but only hang on the straps. We ride half an hour with the thermometer at the freezing point. No heat in the car. When we reach home we feel so mad that we can't enjoy our supper and the presence of our families. You will not find anybody in Brooklyn who will not tell you the most needed, most useful and the best place for a tunnel is from the City Hall to the Battery, New York, to Fulton street and Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn.
McCarthy.

"LEST WE FORGET"

Days at Valley Forge.



When Washington plodded through Valley Forge snow times were not up to date and he had to go slow. For he had no sure-killable, spillable thrillabile. "L" trains or autos on which he could go.

When the office was reach, with three hours' delay (cars and boats stalled by snow in the playfulest way). What weirdly unbearable, luridly swearable. Thoughts it aroused of George Washington's day! A. P. T.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

Discusses Mothers and Divorce.

Mrs. Harry Hastings, if reports be true, has made this very sweeping statement:

"A mother, no matter what the unworthiness of her husband, is not entitled to a divorce. The injury to her children involved in such a separation must outweigh the question of her own happiness. Their claim to a father is paramount to her possible sacrifice as a wife."

I am not a believer in promiscuous divorce as a remedy for domestic differences of a light type.

But I do take exception to the promulgation of a doctrine which declares that a drunken or criminal father has a claim on the society and affection of his children paramount to the sacrifice of the wife, which must involve the sacrifice of the children as well.

The sacrifice of what? Of a decent home life, the purity and sweet associations that cannot exist where the father is by his debauchery unfit to bear the children company?

No woman is justified in bringing her children up in an atmosphere of degradation.

Take two cases within my own acquaintance:

One where the father has been an habitual drunkard all his married life.

The wife has lived according to Mrs. Hastings's views, and never has known a daily existence of misery so terrible that it will not bear repeating.

The children have never had any real home. They have been brought up in hideous fear of their domestic skeleton, with one object apparently—to protect an unworthy father from public disgrace.

They have had no little friends, no companions, no child associates, no company has ever been invited to that terrible and tragic household.

They could not have visitors, even as babies, for fear of revealing the horror of a daily existence where a drunken man ruled a terrified household.

Today these girls are rewarding their mother's life of sacrifice by leading lives of independence away from her.

One of them said to me not long ago: "I can forgive my mother everything, but for letting what was wrong in our lives dominate all that was possible for good and sweet and true. We have acted and told lies all our days to shield a drunken father."

The second case is that of another drunkard's wife, also the mother of a drunkard's children.

This woman bore patiently with her husband's falling into "patience" ceased to be a virtue—a wise old saw which I would recall to Mrs. Hastings.

Then she took her two children and went to a distant city. She divorced her drunken husband and by her own exertions reared her little sons in peace and comparative happiness.

Today they are enterprising, highly respected citizens of the town of their adoption.

In both cases the husband and father lives and drinks, and in one case has broken the hearts and irreparably injured the lives of his entire household family, and in the other has destroyed only himself. Can any one possibly argue that the woman who demonstrated Mrs. Hastings's belief was right?

Divorces are wrong when they are secured to enable a man or woman to marry some one who has attracted his or her morbid fancy.

They are right and beneficial when they free men or women from an association that means suffering untold and demoralization more or less complete to innocent victims.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

MODERN FABLES.

THE MAN AND THE BABY.

CHAP who had been the strong man of his class at college, who held the amateur championship as a hammer thrower and had lifted 350 pounds dead weight, was wont to brag of his prowess.

"My muscles are like iron," he would say. "I am never tired. I can outrun a trolley car any reasonable distance. My lungs have an expansion of five and three-eighths inches. I'm as hard as nails and old Mr. Rheumatism has taken my name off his visiting list."

Finally the chap married and in due time he became a father. He was proud of this and spent \$5.40 in telegrams to friends and relatives, \$12.50 for cigars and \$18.50 for drinks.

The baby thrived and grew. At the end of four months the youngster was an old story and weighed twenty-two pounds and a few ounces. When the mother wanted the erewhile proud father to tote the heir from the house to the trolley car the father made an awful roar.

Before walking a block perspiration poured down the old man's face and he breathed like a stalled gasoline automobile. He complained sorely.

"This kid weighs a ton," he declared.

"My dear," said his wife, "before we were married you boasted of your strength, and even since I became your father, you have been home at night, or rather in the morning, with a load that would have kept you off a boulevard where heavy traffic is prohibited. Men are so unreasonable."

Moral: It is the burden you can't drop that weighs heaviest.

W. BOB HOLLAND.

MOTORS FOR CHINESE.

A great deal of surprise and no little amusement has been caused among the Hong Kong Chinese community by the spectacle of a well-dressed Chinaman careering along the tracks on a motor-cycle. The machine had seats for two behind, and there were occupied by two Chinese ladies. The Chinese are not prone to western innovations, yet the use by them of the cycle is increasing in the colony.—Hong Kong Press.